VOLUME X. NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1887. NUMBER 243.

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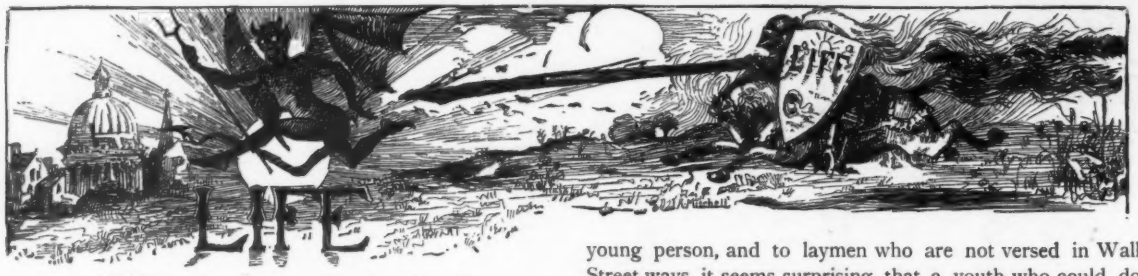
A LOVER'S HEART.

Jessie IF THAT BULL SHOULD ATTACK US, WHAT COULD YOU DO?
Tom: I COULD REACH THAT FENCE IN LESS THAN TWO SECONDS.
Jessie: YES, BUT WHAT COULD I DO?
Tom: YOU? WHY YOUR PARASOL WOULD KEEP HIS ATTENTION UNTIL I WAS SAFELY OVER!



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. AUGUST 25, 1887. No. 243.

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SEVERAL able journals have suggested before now that there was this difference between Secretary Whitney and Rollo: that whereas Rollo's play was work, Whitney's work was play. The editors and correspondents of these journals have suggested that the Secretary of the Navy was more concerned with polite functions than with ships.

Whether there was or was not any foundation for these suggestions, it should be recognized that different men do their work after very different fashions. Some plod along steadily day after day, and others bustle for a while and then lay by. It cannot be confidently laid down that one method is better than the other, but the plodders are always ready to call the bustlers idle, and the bustlers generally believe the plodders to be dull.

Secretary Whitney has just been bustling prior to his summer vacation, and has furnished topics for columns of interesting newspaper matter, both nonpareil and brevier. Admiral Luce thinks he is a rude man, and so do a number of other worthy naval magnates whom he has run against. But he promises to give us ships, and if he will do that the good people of the United States are prepared to be as fond of him as if his manners were always mild and he was ignorant of terrapin.

* * *

IT is not given to many men to achieve as wide a fame in a lifetime as young Mr. Henry Ives has accumulated in twenty-eight years. His name was a household word for the conventional nine days, and if his renown turns out to be less lasting than that of Ferdinand Ward, the difference is merely one of quantity. In quality it does not vary much from Ward's, and possibly it will leave its accomplished possessor in that modest retreat where Ward is resting after his complicated labors. How to live on nothing a year has always been considered a pretty problem. Ives seems to have more than solved it, for, without so much as character for his capital, he has lived for several years with most of the comforts that civilization has discovered, including an excellent and costly steam yacht. Mr. Ives is a very enterprising young person, and to laymen who are not versed in Wall Street ways, it seems surprising that a youth who could do so much could not do a great deal more. A man who steals a watch or a coat is easily understood and abhorred, but a young fellow who can get away with a railroad is a much more complicated and mysterious character, and the average citizen who meets him is uncertain whether he ought to take off his hat or cry out for the police.

LIFE admires your talents, Mr. Ives. It does not wish to do you injustice; but the assignee has your yacht and your railroad, and there is said to be a chance that the blue-coated gentry may have you. Really, sir, it seems as if you had been caught or something; and, with all due respect, we are bound to suggest to you that the way of the transgressor is as hard, at times, as the way of the honestest man in the world.

* * *

THERE is no vocation that has the least dash of politics about it, in which a deserving citizen can hope to be exempt from publicity. We condole with the worthy private secretary of the President, whose devotion threatens at times to enrich the language with a new word because of the glare into which he has been dragged by our neighbor the *Sun*. Our neighbor affirms that Mr. Lamont lately conspired with other citizens to sap the political strength of Mr. Daniel Manning, and usurp his place in the Democratic councils of the State. The means to be used for this end was the Albany *Argus*, which Mr. Lamont is accused of attempting to buy. The accusation is denied absolutely by Mr. Lamont and the *Argus*, and Mr. Manning says it is not true; but it is doubtful if even such concurrence of disagreement can convince the *Sun* that its confidence has been misplaced. As for Mr. Lamont, it is cruel to drag him out from his retirement in this way, and he has our sympathy.

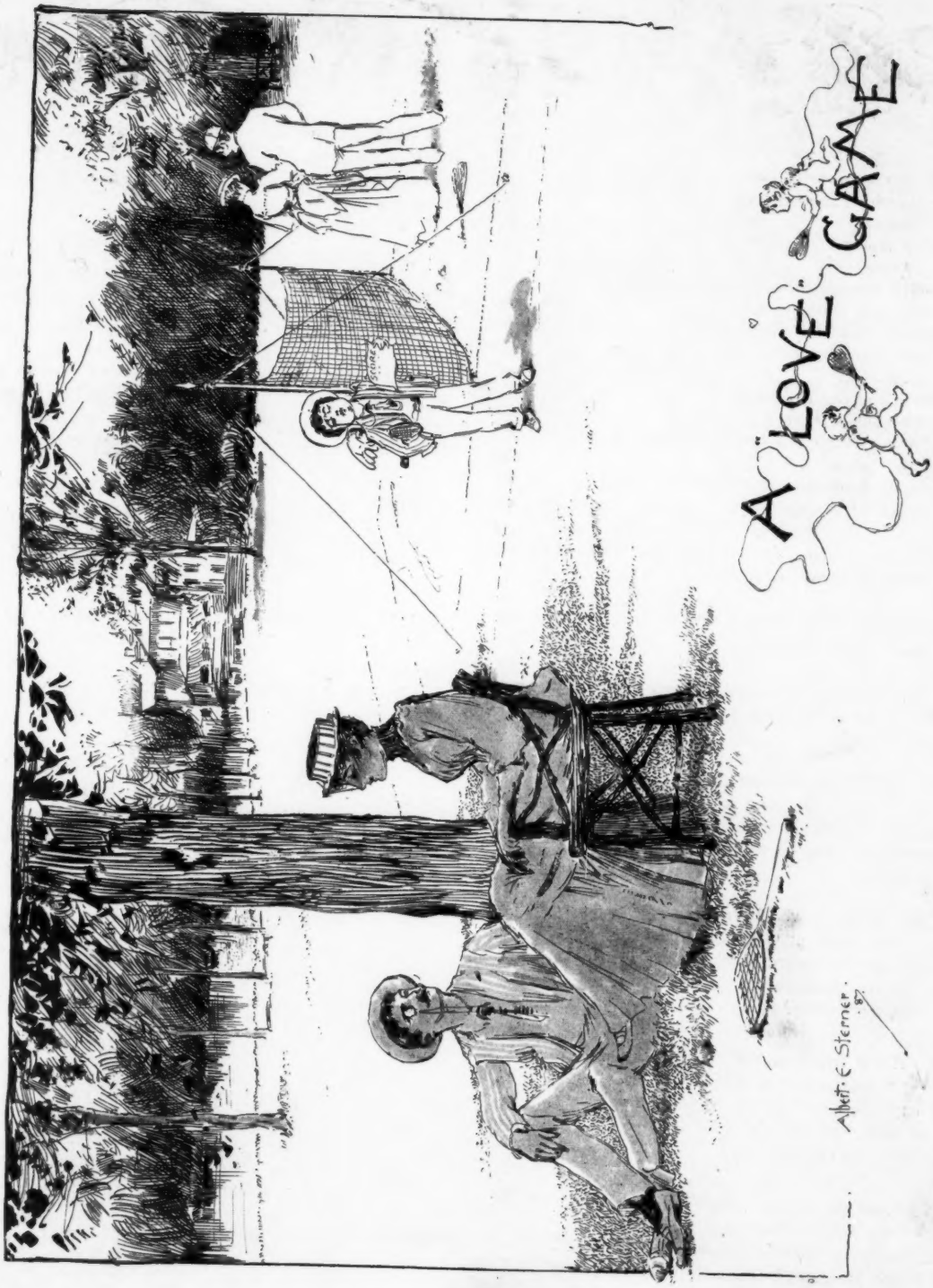
* * *

WELCOME to the *Thistle!* We are glad to see her and we hope to go her one better.

* * *

AS we go to press the news of another railroad accident reaches the city. This time no one is hurt but one engineer—who, by the way, was killed—and some sixteen others.

As usual, the accident is due to the criminal carelessness of "Somebody," that arch fiend who has been instrumental in killing off more people than the late lamented Krupp. "Somebody" is guilty of murder, and LIFE respectfully suggests that Somebody ought to hang, and that if there is no other means of getting at Somebody than by hanging every responsible official on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the sooner the rope begins to work the better.


A LOVE GAME
Albert E. Sterner

DIVES.

HE pays ten thousand dollars for his German opera box,
And twice as much he's dropped upon a "little spec in stocks."
Twelve hundred golden coins he spent upon a Brewster Brougham,
And sixty thousand more has gone toward furnishing his home.
How much he spends upon his horse he never seems to know,
But 'tis his wont to tell his friends "the mare makes money go."
He calls himself "Art's Patron," and he quite makes others faint
When he matches fabled treasures 'gainst a little bit of paint;
But while he thus expends his gold and never tries to hoard it,
In charity he'll ne'er indulge. He "really can't afford it."

* * *

THE Western Union Telegraph Company is a great sufferer from humidity.

* * *

THE Republican papers rejoice over the Luce management of Canadian affairs.

* * *

PHŒNIX FIRE INSURANCE is pretty low, but it ought to rise again.

* * *

WE beg Judge Potter to remember that another reason for believing Jacob Sharp a guilty man is that the good die young.

* * *

CONSIDERING the vast quantities of snow in Russian territory, it is quite appropriate that Count Schouveloff should be given so important a position as Russian Ambassador to Berlin.

* * *

THE scientists who have been convening for a week at Columbia College have decided that the recent humidity was due to water in the atmosphere. What would we do without scientists?

* * *

WE call Inspector Williams's attention to the projection of a Wagner society in this city. It is well to nip disorderly conduct in the bud, and the Inspector is offered an opportunity to make a record.

* * *

WE submit to the New York *Star* that the publication of designs suitable for soda-water fountains, as possibly available for the Grant Monument, is likely to retard the progress of the subscription fund.

WE are requested to announce that when Mr. Blaine danced on the green in Scotland he by no means jumped on the Irish. It is well that this should be thoroughly understood at this stage of the boom.

* * *

IF the contempt of the American public for Mr. Riddleberger could be measured by the days they would spend in jail for it, the American public would be incarcerated until the trump of Gabriel is heard in the land.

* * *

FROM a thorough digestion of the news in all the papers we are prepared to state that in spite of Bright's disease, torpid liver, heart trouble, gout, baldness, and tired feelings generally, Mr. Blaine is in unusually robust health.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, announces with becoming modesty that its London correspondent's manner is "inimitable."

After all, we have a great deal to be thankful for.

* * *

THE *Star* enlivens its pages with suburban notes, under such titles as "Tarrytown Tickers," "Peekskill Pearls," and "Sing Sing Snaps."

The last is peculiarly appropriate, since Sing Sing has begun snapping up so many of our distinguished citizens.

* * *

CORES AND EFFECT.

AN item now going the rounds of the press says that General Mahone has been gaining in flesh to the extent of twenty pounds.

The General must weigh as much as thirty-seven pounds now.

* * *

A SPANISH officer has invented a war-boat that will stay under water four days.

The U. S. Navy has no use for this man. What is desired in this county is a war-boat that will stay above water for that length of time.

* * *

THE *Tribune* says that Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice's plan for Electoral Reform is sure to provoke discussion—which is precisely what Mr. Rice wants.

It would seem as if Mr. Rice's management of the *North American Review* had provoked so much discussion that Mr. Rice would never want to hear any more of it. There is no accounting for taste.

SHE WAS A FORWARD MISS.

Envious Friend: I DON'T SEE WHAT ARTHUR IS GOING TO MARRY HER FOR!

Charitable Friend: SHE IS NOT SO UGLY: SHE HAS BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

Envious Friend: BUT SUCH AN *immodest* WAY OF SHOWING THEM!

AN AUGUST APPEAL.

TO-DAY the sky is not so blue,
  The green upon the bending grass
Is not so deep as when with you
  I watched the hours of summer pass:
The birds sing on, but not the same
  Sweet song floats down the amber air—
They call and carol forth your name
  And wake the echoes everywhere.

And I, who listen to the birds,
  Like them, a stranger in this clime,
Sing on and group the lonely words
  In sweet companionship of rhyme,
Wherein as in a mirror clear
  Will fancy for a moment cheat
My eyes, and make a face appear
  With features like your own, my Sweet!

Ah, if the face in dreams like this
  Might yield such smiles as I have seen
Play round the lips to frame a kiss—
  How blue the sky,—the grass, how green!
Love, if you knew your potent powers,
  How all the weather's jumped the track,
I think you'd shorten some the hours
  That must elapse ere you come back.

Humidity of air and eyes,
  A deep depression of the mind—
Your absence all of this implies:
  For me no cloud is silver-lined.
Haste, sweetheart, to a hermit bard,
  And bring the balm for which he sings;
A rhyme to Love is very hard
  With you at Saratoga Springs.

F. D. S.

DON'T YOU SEE, SISTER JONES, DE CAUSE OB DIS 'DUSTRIAL DEPRESSION AM DAT DERE IS TOO MUCH MONEY IN BUILDINGS AND DERE AIN'T 'NUFF IN CIRCULATION; AND DERE AM TOO MANY PEOPLE IN CIRCULATION AND DERE AIN'T 'NUFF MONEY.

TO THE ADMIRAL.

DEAR Admiral Luce!
Your display of dander
May not prove you a guce—
Tho' it proves you a gander.

UNTIL a law is passed providing for the hanging of railway officials for neglect resulting in disaster, we may look for repetitions of the Chatsworth railway horror *ad infin.*

SHAKESPEARE OUT OF DOORS.

A NOVEL performance of "As You Like It" was given at Manchester-by-the-Sea last week. The scenery was Nature's work, and considering the extraordinary pressure of business on the lady at this season of the year, it was very creditable work. She could not be expected to infuse the maples of Masconomo with the spirit of the Forest of Arden—the poetry of Warwickshire is not to be found within twenty miles of Boston, even in August—but there was sufficient realism about the performance to suit the local taste and make it a success. The roar of the breakers in the distance; the chirp of the cricket and the tree-toad; the presence of the lady-bug in *propria persona;* the busy hum of the real bee with no automatic sting; the absence of the glare of foot-lights, and the possibility that it might rain, all added a charm to the venture which those who witnessed it will not soon forget.

But it is not with a criticism of this particular performance that we are concerned. It is with the principle of Shakespeare out of doors that we have to do.

Take the play of "Julius Cæsar," for instance, and locate it on Wall Street. Would this be doing justice to Shakespeare? And yet, are not the sub-Treasury steps as appropriate a substitute for the *Forum Romanum* as are the tennis grounds of the Masconomo for the Forest of Arden? Would not the busy hum of the Stock Exchange in the distance be as fair a substitute for the "hi-hi" of the first and second citizens, supported by the "ho-ho" of the populace, as the beating of the waves on the coast of Manchester-by-the-Sea is for the rippling water of the Avon? Would not the speech of *Brutus* standing within the shadow of the Washington Statue be as appropriately set as the melancholy *Jacques*, in the person of Frank Mayo, soliloquizing to the boarders of a summer hotel, while two essentially American katydids disputed as to whether or not Davy Crockett was a bigger man than *Jacques* himself?

Consider how intensely real the death of *Cæsar* could be made in the sacred precincts of the City Hall. What could be more heartrending than the lean and hungry *Cassius* standing before Delmonico's during the ides of March, with nothing on but the toga of respectability. Imagine *Cæsar* walking down Fifth Avenue robed in a purple-embroidered sheet, and wearing a fashionable laurel wreath around his brow. Think what a place the Polo Grounds would be for the battle of Philippi, with the toboggan slide made to represent the surrounding hills. It would indeed be great; but, the reader remarks, it would hardly be Shakespearean, and we believe him. Yet, we think that New York is more like Rome, with its malaria, its bad government, its architectural advantages for speech-making, and its intelligent first and second citizens, who can be relied upon to say "hi-hi" in cases of emergency, than Manchester-by-the-Sea is like the Forest of Arden in the heart of leafy Warwickshire.

If Shakespeare must be given out of doors, his inland comedies should not be given on the seaboard. Take "As You Like It" down to Tuxedo, even though you cannot do exactly as you like down there. Take "The Taming of the Shrew," not to Brooklyn, which is no more like Padua than Philadelphia is like Paris, but to any New England town where the business is more or less understood. Never attempt to perform "Much Ado" in Philadelphia. Take "Shylock" to Chicago during the high-water season. "Hamlet" would find an appropriate setting on Ward's Island, and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Love's Labor Lost" will do at any summer resort where there is but one man to five girls.

Suit your town to your play, if you are too large for anything but the earth for your stage, and even then the divine bard will lose something of his charm. One cannot successfully mingle poetry with prose, and William Shakespeare is essentially an indoor game. *J. K. Bangs.*

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has recently published a volume entitled "*The Pleasures of Life.*" The talented baronet has made a very readable book out of his subject, but one of the greatest pleasures of LIFE he neglects to record. That is, the sending of one hundred and forty-one and two-thirds poor children off on a two weeks' vacation by means of the liberality of our readers.

It is with feelings of pride that we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of $425 for the Fresh Air Fund as follows:

Previously Acknowledged	$75.00
E. M. B. M.	3.00
Charles W. Williams	15.00
Frank H. Ransom	10.00
Dannie and Henry	6.00
J. S.	250.00
Miss R. P. Bullock	20.00
Unknown	6.00
Louise W. Larned	3.00
H. E. Davis	3.00
Marie McCulloch	6.00
A. E. S.	5.00
Roger	8.00
L. W. Ledyard	15.00
	$425.00

For the information of those who have not yet contributed we will add that a walk through the poorer districts of the city still disclose an unhappily large number of round-eyed, pale-faced little boys and girls who need but a breath of pure air to bring the roses to their cheeks and joy to their hearts.

Our money-bag is not quite full.

SPEAKING of the *Thistle's* racing spars, a correspondent wants to know why Saratoga isn't a racing spa.

A HINT TO THE MAYOR.

IN view of the recent stand the local government has made against monkeys, we advise the Mayor to look after the grocers who sell honey. *Ubi mel, ibi apes,* is an aphorism so old as to be trite.

NOWADAYS, if you refuse to join the majority by getting poisoned with ice-cream, you are accused of being undemocratic.

A GOOD BOOK—IN A SENSE.

DE SAPPY (*from Boston*): 'Say, fellers, I'm reading the finest book I ever saw. It's "Boccaccio," by Don Cameron. Ever see it?

SUNDAY MORNING IN ROME.

HEAV

Heaven for Two.—
My idea of—
Heaven:
A world for two,
Prepared for me to share with you.
Hades:
A world for three,
For you, that other man, and me.
H_2O

ECHOES FROM LONG BRANCH.

YOUR correspondent reached this balmy resort last evening. He has been promising himself the pleasure of a trip to Long Branch for years—in fact, it bears a strong resemblance to the promised land in many respects, only Moses seems to have got here. The leading lights of the place are chiefly Israelites. There is not so much *jeu d'esprit* about Long Branch as there is *esprit de jew;* but after all I am inclined to believe that there is a great deal that's genuine about the Hebrews, and, barring their diamonds, which keep a great deal of money out of circulation, I rather like them. They are more Christian-like in a great many respects than the copper-riveted Christian who goes to church every Sunday, rain or shine, to get points on futures and put ten per cent. of the proceeds of his stock speculation into the plate. Up to this point I have not heard a single or married Israelite rejoice at the accumulation of lawsuits against Judge Hilton, although a large number of my Gentile acquaintances seem rather glad that the pretender to the throne of the Stewarts must account for his magnetic influence over the mighty dollar.

The fashions at the Branch this year are largely reminiscent, due to the bad state of trade in the clothing business last year. Merchants must cover themselves in some way, even if their sons and daughters have to wear the old stock. The king of the dudes has been the only relief to the eye in this respect, and even he has cut his trouser allowance down to fourteen pairs a day. I am reminded by this that the trade phrase, "It fits like paper on the wall," has been superseded by a better and more significant embodiment of the same idea, which runs, "It fits like the trousers on the Wall," which, as a colored waiter at the West End cleverly remarks, is a "Berry good fit."

While bathing yesterday afternoon my old friend Solomons introduced me to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Minzesheimer, who, forgetting that she was up to her neck in water, curtesied, and inadvertently ducked her head beneath the waves, much to the detriment of her cheeks, which a moment before had been as rosy as the dawn, and which emerged from the water in a striped condition, highly suggestive of the American flag. Solomons attempted to console her, but the old lady recovered her equanimity, and, laughing at her mishap, assured us that "It vas no diffurence. Blenty more vere dot come from an' only a kerworter a box."

Among other prominent people the Guggenheimers of Philadelphia are here. They are very great entertainers and gave a dinner last night which the host told me cost as much as two dollars a head. Last week they had a charade party, to which a literary turn was given by the titles of books being taken as the subjects represented. "Allan Quatermain" was shown in three acts, the first consisting of a large cart with every performer seated in it, representing the All-In. Then Mr. Minzesheimer held up a twenty-five cent bit and a piece of water-pipe for the Quatermain. Every one guessed the Quater part but the other two-thirds was too much for them. Then they had an uproarious little baby tied up in red tape to represent a bound volume of LIFE, which was received with great applause. Indeed, the whole affair was a great success and only cost Mr. Guggenheimer fifteen dollars, including the supper and the wear on the carpet—so Mrs. Guggenheimer informs me.

Altogether Long Branch is most enjoyable. The spirits of the people are infectious, and I would stay here for the rest of the summer, if it were not that the action of the waves during the bathing washing on a gold ring which I have promised never to take off, subjects me to a loss which I do not feel able to bear.

I must leave for a cheaper clime where constant bathing is not required. I think I shall go to Chicago.

C. H.

IT WAS PERFECT THEN.

JONES: The *Century* is a mighty fine magazine, eh, Topper!

TOPPER (*sadly*): Yes; but you should have seen it before the war.

"Stay near me, Tommy." "Now, I wonder where that boy has gone to." "Ah, here you are!"

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.

Mrs. Cass.: IT'S A FOINE RISIDINCE YEZ HAS NOW, MISSIS MAC DACEY.

Mrs. McD.: OH, YIS; I THINK IT'S RATHER AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE OWLD ONE. YEZ SEE, ME HUSBAND FOUND THAT THE QUEEN ANNY STOILE OF ARTYCHECKSHER WAS THE GO, SO HE JUST RAISED THE OWLD BUILDING A SHTORY AND CHUCKED IN A FEW BAY-WINDERS. PRERHAPS YEZ'D LOIKE TO WALK THROUGH THE PRIMISES; YEZ'LL FOIND ME HUSBANT IN THE LOIBRARY ON THE LEFT INJOYIN' HIS MORNIN'S POIPE.

AN OLD TRUTH UPSET.

A SLENDER lieutenant from Skye,
Was as thin as a capital I;
He said "It's too bad,
But then I can pad,"
Which shows that figures do lie.

H. G.

WITH Dana, Pulitzer, Blaine, Buffalo Bill, Red-shirt Lowell, Flower, *et al.*, in Europe, it seems funny they had to fall back on a Coburg for that Bulgarian throne.

AT A WAGNER PERFORMANCE.

CONDUCTOR: Sh!-schtop! De piece vas gongluded.

VON BLUTWURST: Ve haf schtopped. You vas geeping time mit dot thunder-storm oudside, ain't it?

IN this hot weather, if we could have a little cool wind, we would even be willing to let it blow through our whiskers.

A PROFITABLE SCHEME.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD and Mrs. James Brown Potter are said to be making arrangements with some of our best known but impecunious society people to present a picture of New York social life as a successor to Buffalo Bill's Wild West in London, next season.

If a few staid and respectable Philadelphians and one or two cultured Bostonians could be added, the Mild East Show could hardly fail to be a most profitable venture.

AN APOLOGY.

WE desire to make a most abject apology to the officers of the United States Navy.

A gallant captain in the service, whose communication, to judge from his signature, is an initial attempt, chides us because our artist recently represented two naval officers dressed in frock-coats with standing collars, when no self-respecting midshipman, much less an anonymous captain, would be seen in such a garment.

We recognize the enormity of our offense, and when our artist, who is now in the Sandwich Islands counting the prongs on the king's crown for the sake of accuracy in a coming cartoon, returns home, he will be put on half rations for a week.

In the meanwhile, Captain L. M. P. of the United States Navy, must not feel hurt if we should depict himself and crew wearing bathing suits and life-preservers on a dress cruise.

The bill of dress in the navy may not provide any such garb, but considering the condition of our ships it ought to.

A LADY dropped a pin on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the other day, and people came running around the corners to learn the cause of the unusual noise.

HE SAW A COOL DEED.

"I SAW a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper table.

"What was it?" asked his wife, with deep interest.

"The title to an ice-house," replied the wretch.

IT is not surprising that the *Volunteer* should be called a tight little vessel when we consider how deep she is in the cups.

IN A BAD WAY.

Tramp: SAY, YOUNG FELLER, I'D LIKE TO BORRER THESE CLOTHES FOR A DAY OR TWO TO GO TO A FUNERAL. NOW DON'T FOLLOW ME, FOR HERE COMES SOME LADIES ACROSS THE FIELDS, AN' I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T SHOCK 'EM.

TRIBUTES FROM THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

LIFE appears to me too short.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

LIFE is divine.—*Longfellow.*

One crowded hour of glorious LIFE is worth an age without a name.—*Scott.*

How lovely still is LIFE.—*Schiller.*

I will drink LIFE to the lees.—*Tennyson.*

Considering the unanimity of opinion as expressed by these great ones, we feel that we can afford to snap our fingers at Campbell, who was convinced that there is no man who knows LIFE well who would accept it again.

We never cared much for Campbell, anyway.

A NOTE FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

THERE is much excitement in the Thirteen Club, of Asbury Park. Their dinner was held on Friday evening, and one of the members who ate four green apples, lobster salad, mince pie, deviled crabs, pineapple, watermelon, ice-cream and buckwheat cakes, nearly died during the night.

It is thought that the club will disband and tempt fate no more.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW is in Paris putting the finishing touches to his "Life of Franklin."

Franklin put some finishing touches to his own life when he was in Paris if he lived in truly American style while there.

* * *

EDGAR FAWCETT'S novel, "The House at High Bridge," has been brought out in paper covers for the silly season.

* * *

A RECENTLY published volume of selections from Virgil contains a map of Hades to accompany the sixth book of the Ænied. Mr. Ingersoll should subscribe at once. It's very unpleasant to arrive at a strange place and not know the way around.

* * *

TENNYSON has been very disappointing for the last few years, but he has just written a line which delights his friends and carries consternation into the hearts of his critics.

The line reads:

I have laid down my pen for a while.

* * *

THE fact that Her Majesty presented all the crowned heads of Europe present at the Jubilee with a copy of "Leaves from the Highlands," has made a new edition necessary. The sale of the book has not been extraordinary, but the number of copies she has been able to give away has afforded Her Majesty great satisfaction.

* * *

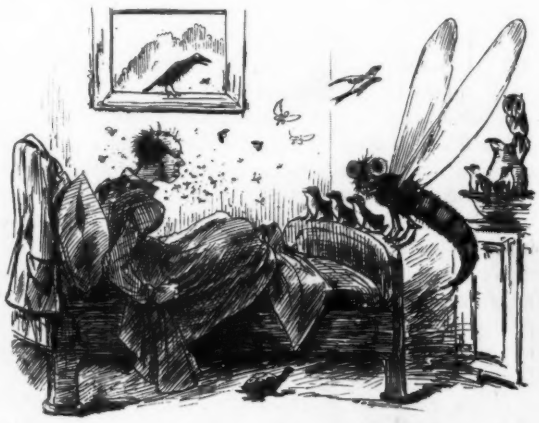
MR. HOWELLS calls himself "we" in his contributions to *Harper's Magazine.*

This does not alter the fact that Mr. Howells is a very singular individual.

* * *

WE should fear to ask Mr. Saltus for a list of the best one hundred books if the volumes he mentions in "Mr. Incoul's Adventures" are examples of his taste.

IT is not perhaps loyal to the Queen to say it, but we nevertheless do say that bad baseball is as much better than cricket as good baseball is better than any known game on the face of nature.



STIGGINS NEVER LEFT HIS WINDOW OPEN AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

TO BE REGRETTED.

GUIBOLLARD and his two friends, Cabassol and Mitouflet, agreed to dine together at St. Germain, outside of Paris.

Guibollard and Cabassol kept the appointment, but Mitouflet turned up missing. The two friends, in consequence, dined alone.

After dinner they were enjoying their cigars and feasting their eyes on the delicious view on the terrace.

"Ah!" exclaimed Guibollard, in a burst of enthusiasm, "if Mitouflet were only here how he would regret that he hadn't come!—*Exchange.*

A FRIEND of mine has a housemaid who is given to asking the meaning of the hard words she meets in her reading. Last week she was told that "kismet" meant "fate." Some time after her mistress found her in the servants' hall in evident pain, and said: "Why, Maggie, what can be the matter with you?"

"Sure, ma'am," was the answer, "I'm almost distracted with the bunions I have on both me kismets."—*The Tattler, N. Y. Star.*

A HALF loaf is better than no vacation.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A MACHINE has been invented that will "sew on 3,000 buttons in one day." This is too much. No man wants 3,000 buttons sewed on a single garment he wears. The profusely buttoned dresses worn by the ladies a year ago didn't contain over 2,700 buttons.—*Norristown Herald.*

VISITING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

MILLIONAIRE MACKAY, while in Paris, was the guest of the famous Mrs. Bonanza Mackay.—*Omaha World.*

THERE was a family on the train between Birmingham and Anniston who had come out of the woods of Mississippi and were on their way to some place in Georgia. It was their first ride on the cars, but while the wife and children were full of natural curiosity, the husband didn't propose to give his ignorance away. When the wife asked him what kept the coaches on the track, he looked at her with pity in his eyes and answered—

"Maria, don't you know nothin' 't all? They put tar on 'em to make 'em stick!"

She was satisfied until we switched in on a side track to let a passenger train go by, and then she asked—

"Gordon, what do they do this for?"

"'Nother train going by, Maria."

"And do we have to git off the track?"

"Yes; it's the new way. They used to have one train scramble over the other, but it scart the passengers so that they have adopted another plan."

She looked up at the ceiling and then out on the extra track, and replied—

"You orter buy some peanuts of the boy, Gordon, and show the railroad that we appreciate this extra expense they have gone to. They must have feelings as well as us."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUTTING A PREMIUM ON INTEMPERANCE.

"TEMPERANCE," says an esteemed contemporary, "puts coal on the fire." Away with temperance for the next four months, then! What we want now is something that puts ice on it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "**LINENE**" goods. They are comfortable and genteel, and their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the **LINENE** goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

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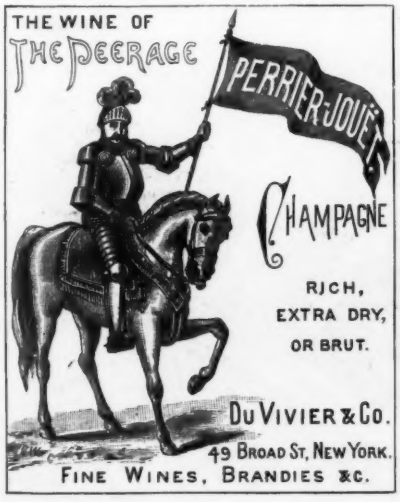

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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Beware of *Indigestion's* pain
And *Constipation's* cruel reign;
For often in their wake proceed
The sable pall and mourner's weed;
Then check these troubles ere an hour,
In **TARRANT'S SELTZER** lies the power.

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OMAHA AMATEUR: You said I could take instantaneous pictures with this camera. It's a fraud."

DEALER: No, I said it would take groups and slowly-moving objects. I did not warrant it to take a race-horse or a cannon-ball.

"Well, I tried it on a messenger boy and failed."

"Impossible!"

"I failed, and that's all there is about it."

"Very strange. Did the boy have a telegram in his hand?"

"No, he was going to his dinner."

"Oh!"—*Omaha World.*

IT is estimated that Boston has 1400 lawyers. It is a puzzle to know how they all get a living, when it is remembered that there are thousands of persons in the city who are always ready to give advice, free gratis for nothing, and without money and without price.—*Boston Transcript.*

"MR. SNAGGS, what is a stag party?" asked Mrs. Snaggs of her husband.

"Paradoxical as it may seem," replied Snaggs, "a stag party is one to which the dears are not admitted."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

OUR obituary editor has discovered that the reason no deaths occurred when Shadrach, Abednego and Meshach were thrown into the fiery furnace is owing to the fact that neither of the trio propounded the query, "Is it hot enough for you?"—*Norristown Herald.*

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Fred. Brown's Ginger
ESTABLISHED 1822 PHILAD'A, PA. U. S. A.
WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

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On the Sound, opposite New London, Conn.
Open June 25.
Driving, bathing, boating and fishing. For terms, etc., apply to MATTHEWS & PIERSON, Proprietors.
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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,

are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

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Old Gentleman: MY! WHAT A NICE LITTLE BOY YOU ARE, AREN'T YOU?

Small Boy: NO, I AIN'T NO NICE LITTLE BOY, NEITHER; I'M DUTCH SICKELS, DER TERROR, AND I CAN LICK ANYBODY MY SIZE AROUND HERE.

"I'LL teach you how to tear your pants!" said an irate parent, swinging a strap; "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa; I know how already. Just look at 'em!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

WHEN, in years to come, New Yorkers see a policeman guiding the tottering limbs of an old man, clad in an antique uniform, across Broadway, protecting his gray hairs from reckless drivers, the news will spread like wild-fire that the messenger boy has returned from London.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"NO," said Biil Squeezer, who was down from Bodle the other day; "no, I didn't go to Judge Podger's wedding. The notice said 'no cards,' and I'm darned if I can fool away a whole evening where there's no chance of a little four-bit ante."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

WE are filled with astonishment at the report that a Boston lady recently spelled "hazardous" "hazardess," and defined it as "a female hazard." But the Bostonians are weak if you take them away from their native Greek.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"THIS is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."—*Washington Hatchet.*

Cholera Morbus
Cramps
Colic
Diarrhoea
Summer Complaints
Dysentery

All Cured by a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in a little Milk or Sugar and Water.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

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HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.
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ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

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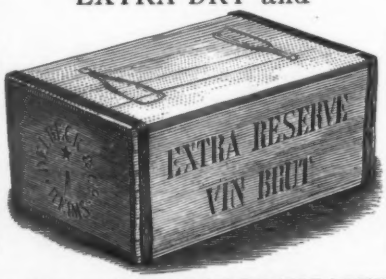

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